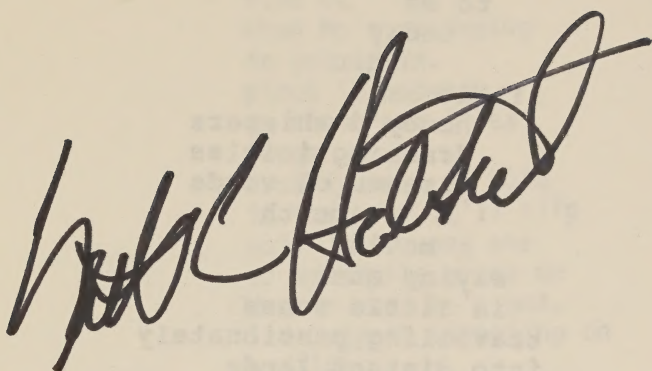


grungy ass swaying

SCOTT C. HOLSTAD

Paula Weinman





true love

she had an interesting  
tattoo i soon discovered.  
decorating the lips of her  
vulva in blue green  
letters was the word  
WELCOME  
and she meant it.  
sometimes when she  
moved a certain way  
the L would disappear.



spoken

a beautiful girl  
spoke

to me  
today  
thru

little  
honey'd whispers  
dreaming icicles  
streams of words  
mouth

moving  
saying much  
in little tones  
travelling passionately  
into distant lands  
far off hopes  
stranger's arms

a  
hoped for  
death  
told  
her  
secret.

heard

the ceiling's light  
had a similar fixture  
with its wire  
wrapped in band-aid tape  
but he spoke so softly  
asked me every little way  
i wanted to feel  
when we'd leave that room.  
promised warm showers  
flower petals to touch my face.  
he whispered stories  
of a cave he knew  
where only we would go.  
he listened carefully  
to everything i said.  
promised it was OK  
to do this. one side  
of his mouth reminded me  
of daddy when he'd say  
the same things.

spiggot

he has such a little  
weenie. i mean  
teeny-weenie.  
sure, i can usually  
find it  
when he's squirming  
to get it in.  
pinch it between  
my thumb and index  
finger.  
usually have to hold  
it there or it'll slip  
out. plus, any one  
of my digits gives me  
double what he's got.  
i'd suggest strapping on  
a dildo  
but i don't know  
if he could handle  
it.

milk

her grotesquely pendulous  
breasts were jutting out  
of the sides of her tank  
top and i watched as  
they swayed when she  
walked, like bloated full  
balloons squashed flat  
against her chest, large  
and dead to the  
touch  
and i thought for a  
moment about offering her  
some money to get them  
cut down but then i  
realized that some poor  
slob probably liked  
pawing them, fucking  
them, shooting jism  
all over them and  
that it would be kind  
of rude of me to ask  
that she cut her  
identity down  
anyway.

## READING IN BED

i look forward to hot days  
feel the sweat, my body's  
seep between my legs.  
leave off panties  
let my bra be tank-top  
- tits as turret..  
i insert some glass aggies  
where they'll slip and slide.  
sashay myself downtown  
to stalk the stores.  
let my nipples  
do the selling  
feel their swelling  
with men's staring  
lips working to suck  
me in.  
i look forward to hot days  
take those stares, fumbings  
sight of pressure  
between their legs  
take them back to bed  
knees up  
fingering my book  
where it's written  
to be read.

multiorifice

counting the needle  
marks in her arm  
i stroke her slit  
and find that i am  
amazed she has so  
many little red holes  
in her body.

penetrations

my skin's shrinking, i think  
its ripping and i try to rub  
it right. so i go to him because  
i can't get what i need, maybe  
his puncture will squirt, spread  
syrup sufficient for my skin  
to absorb its moisture, swell  
up enough to lay relaxed.  
i feel his finger making  
probes for just the right  
spot to stick that spike i  
hope will substitute somewhat.  
which one is he after?



where he had  
his penis pierced  
were special slits  
for my tongue's tip  
to tease



## invasion

two girls  
were sitting across  
from me  
one rather a  
plain jane  
so to speak  
the other  
slightly overweight  
but with sumptuous  
lips and breasts  
and i stared  
at her  
hard  
and she turned away  
bit her nails  
played with her  
hair and  
i turned my chair  
to face her again  
and i stared  
again  
and she cast her  
eyes downward  
sighed hard  
look slightly  
worried  
and i pulled  
up a chair at  
their table and  
stared.

drama

she keeps stealing glances  
at me, looking over not-so-  
subtly in a pathetic attempt  
to kill her loneliness, if  
only for a night. i'm not  
sure how they hope to fix it.  
i mean, it's always the same,  
isn't it? they get fucked.  
the guy stays for a few  
obligatory cuddling moments  
and then hightails it out  
the door. they cry softly  
for a little while and then  
start the same damn grind  
the next day. it's amazing  
how worn out a 22 year old  
can look.

rerun

he keeps on staring out  
at me, eyes wanting me  
to see how completely he  
wants me, needs me, and  
all i have to know about  
that is to let my eyes  
slide down his flexed chest  
squared-out jeaned hips  
to see that thing popped  
out like it does so  
often the blue has worn  
away like talk of want  
and need to hold to  
love to live for each  
other until it fizzles  
like yesterday's birthday  
balloon.

## FEMINIST BITCH

he  
had the look of a  
victorious  
tight end  
and  
    my god  
what a mind  
bulging so fierce  
from within  
his jeans  
while his mouth  
talked touchdowns  
he'd make in mine  
as we stood at  
the bar  
so i took it out  
knelt down  
and almost  
bit his helmet  
off

## chauvinist pig

she  
had the look of a  
stupid half  
dead cat  
but  
    my god  
what a body  
fine belly  
buttocks breasts  
all the proper  
b's in order  
and she blathered  
on about a soap  
opera or some such  
shit as that and i  
told her to hush  
as i got one of her  
sumptuous  
pouting breasts  
into my mouth.

'just call me joe studley

i was working the bookstore scene generally because it actually enabled me to make rent payments and i started noticing this little butch girl who'd bring in her girlfriends to buy some gay zines and they'd usually stay to shoot the shit with me and one day she asked about my schedule and i gave it to her not realizing she would come in EVERY DAY i worked from that point on allowing no one to wait on her but me following me around the store like the proverbial lost puppy and my coworkers accused me of being the victim of a schoolgirl crush which

i call 'em joe

it took a lot of patience  
carefully sucking him in  
firming him up  
by breaking his bias  
setting that trap  
to lure him home.  
my own itch kept swelling  
just that image  
of seeing his face  
him lying in bed  
me stepping naked  
from the closet  
with dildo  
strapped to twat  
but he pulled out  
went soft  
have to con another joe.



i mean this girl and  
i had something in common  
we both liked muffediving  
but when on the 11th  
straight day of this  
she asked me to get  
together with her  
sometime i thought  
to myself

well  
this is certainly an  
interesting situation  
i'm not often asked  
out by a butch girl  
but

as i was involved  
in a long term  
monogamous relationship  
i had to decline  
yet i can't help  
wondering what would  
have happened if she  
and i had gotten  
together one night.

## spider woman

she stopped walking and  
stood right where i was  
sitting, back facing me.  
this girl had longer  
sideburns than me, i  
mean mutant mascara man  
grungy ass swaying in  
the breeze, but it  
was the tattoo on her  
ankle that made me  
look twice. a spider  
web, big and bold.  
stood out like cut  
glass. the strands  
of the web rippled  
when she walked.  
i wondered where the  
spider was hidden  
and what sort of  
prey it sought.  
with that thought  
she moved on and  
left me in a  
curiously aroused  
state.

## moth man

yesterday i stopped, faced him  
sat with my eyes burning  
into his while lifting  
leg high to cross my knee  
watching if he could hold  
from crawling up the inside  
thigh in search of my spider.  
eyes pounced as he saw it  
and i recrossed my leg  
to squeeze that face  
asking him if he wanted  
to test its web  
before i sucked  
him dry.

# TEASE

sweet young thing  
sitting prim and proper  
legs crossed daintily  
dress slit up to the crotch  
blouse cut low  
like nearly down  
to navel low  
that's right  
make sure those  
things are jutting out  
trying to get the older  
guys to come on to her  
little girl  
do you know what  
to do when they bite  
(and they will)  
do  
you have what  
it takes?

# tests

sensitive mature guy  
standing easy and accessible  
hands relaxed in pockets  
face with a soft smile  
lips slightly split  
more to listen  
than speak.  
that's right  
make sure those  
eyes are showing want  
to engage with theirs  
open to be filled.  
big boy  
do you know what  
to feel when they nibble  
(and they will)  
can  
you give what  
it needs?

girl

sitting there  
across from me  
a picture of  
permanent aloneness  
she looks pissed  
do you  
hate yourself  
i wonder  
you can't expect  
others to accept  
you until you've  
been able to  
accept yourself  
sometimes  
i think i can  
really feel the  
pain  
i've been there  
i live there  
but  
if you can make  
it through  
nothing will beat you  
you  
know  
the madhouses  
are full of  
emotional suicides  
let's just take it  
day by day.



i want  
to hold her again  
in a different way  
show her  
it was alright  
but that jerk  
keeps staring  
intruding  
between where  
we had pressed  
discovering  
each other's  
openings  
for revealing  
ourselves  
in a love  
that's new  
frightening  
for her  
i want to touch  
to talk  
but, oh god  
he's coming  
the fuck over!  
i'd like  
to knee him  
right where  
his brains  
are!

you weren't like this before

my  
girlfriend tells me i'm  
turning into even more  
of a pervert, that i'm  
too caught up in  
TITS TITS TITS  
and she might be  
right about that  
but  
i can think of  
less desirable or  
certainly  
less entertaining  
hangups  
and  
besides  
they turn  
me on.

my  
boyfriend tells me i'm  
turning into even more  
of a talker, that all i  
want to do is discuss  
THIS THAT THOSE  
but what really matters  
beyond how we feel  
react  
communicate  
share senses  
understanding?  
my itches  
can't be  
scratched  
in my  
bra.

## bookstore stories

at this time  
i had this part  
time job in a  
literary kind of  
bookstore and  
it wasn't too  
uncommon for it  
to reach 105 or  
so by 10am and  
therefore we would  
have people coming  
into the store in  
various stages of  
undress and at  
the first sight of  
a braless  
tank top clad  
girl we would  
find ourselves  
virtually leaping  
over the counter  
in an effort to  
provide "personal"  
attention all the  
while hoping for  
that glimpse of  
brown nipple and  
while we met  
some nice people  
and engaged in  
some lovely  
conversations  
invariably  
we would end  
up having to  
meander to the  
bathroom in the  
back of the store  
to work off our  
heat induced  
tensions.

taking

mom hadn't done it  
as much as daddy did.  
at least that i can  
remember.  
though it may have  
started  
in diapers.  
i don't remember.

### Giving

She was good about  
that sort of thing,  
letting me stick things  
in her, that is. I  
started with fingers,  
tongue, penis. Her  
crifices were mine to  
use. Later came  
brushes, bottles, ice,  
sticks, tools, food,  
broom handles and  
she grew to really  
enjoy it. Still  
later, she didn't  
seem to mind when  
I stuck the knife  
into her.



making pants poke

mom's been really good  
about it. very patient  
in showing me how  
to move without showing  
i know. when to look  
up into their eyes  
to catch them looking.  
how to string them  
along with enough flesh  
to grab them without  
slapping. the 3 mirrors  
she just got are great.

i want to fuck a 15 year old

gets out of a car  
with her mother,  
cut off blue jean  
shorts showing her  
tan ass, barely  
concealing half of her  
fine cheeks, smooth  
legs, thick virgin  
bush. i must have  
really reached the  
pervert level now.  
Nabokov would've  
been proud.

boy

sitting there  
across from me  
a picture of  
concerning type  
he looks knowingly  
at me  
thinking he  
understands  
been through it  
all  
maybe my looks  
will suck him  
over  
to pull  
me out  
listen to all  
I have  
to say  
do his truths  
nod so caring  
and I'll sigh  
that he's  
got me  
sensitively  
maybe take  
him home  
to hear more  
or do myself  
fingering  
his words.

Scott C.  
Holstad

Paula  
Weinman

GRUDGE  
TRUCK

oooooh !

FUCKSORE, THEY LIMP  
DOWN MTN, BITCHING  
OF FORMER RELATION  
SHIPS SCREWING THEM





Cafe encounter

so  
i'm sitting  
here trying  
to get a  
little writing  
done and  
this girl  
walks up  
to me and  
says don't  
i know you  
and i look  
up to see a  
pair of  
beautiful  
bountiful  
breasts  
staring  
me in the  
face and i  
of course  
say why  
yes  
i think  
you  
do



AFTER RENEWING A BOSOM  
BUDDY RELATIONSHIP, R W  
GIRL RECOUNTS WHY SCOTT  
DID NOT RECOGNIZE HER -

- i. your eyes were  
deep in my tits
- ii. or face buried  
in muffing
- iii. saw me only  
from aftend

AAH. SEZ SCH AS  
WGIRL SEZ SHE'S  
RETURNING THAT  
CASE OF CRABS &  
CLAP HE LOANED  
HER SO NICELY!



sweat

ad sez

NICE GIRLS DO

and  
a throbbing sensation  
high up in the  
head  
and all that.





WHITE GIRL EXCITEDLY  
RUSHES 2 SCOTT'S WHO  
RESPONDED TO HER AD.  
SHE'LL DEMONSTRATE:

- a. proper clothing
- b. correct social  
behavior
- c. conversational  
skills

INVITED INTO APT.WG  
IS SHOWN BOOZE, BED  
X-VIDEOS,SEX TOYS &  
MR. HOLSTAD IN VERY  
STIFF JEANS, SAYING.  
"DO IT, NICE GIRL!"  
SHE STUTTERS, KNEES  
HIM IN BALLS, WHILE  
HE'S REACHING IN BRA  
TO EXTRACT A BIG PAD



thanks

i happened upon this  
girl i know outside  
of a print shop and  
she asked me to go  
out with her the  
next night just to  
groove and all that  
and i thought to  
myself well she's  
got a womanly body  
she'd probably make  
a pretty comfortable  
fuck but then visions  
of "relationship"  
drifted through my  
mind and i quickly  
declined her generous  
offer vowing that no  
woman would ever  
best my hand.



NOT TO BE TURNED  
DOWN BY SCOTT, WG  
ASKS TO HOLD HAND  
THAT CAN BEST HER

- A. asks does  
he oil it?
- B. switch hand  
to hand?
- C. handy in . .  
other areas

EMBARASSED, SCOTT  
SUDDENLY FINDS IT  
IN WG'S PANTIES,  
AS SHE ASKS HIM  
TO DO SOMETHING  
HANDSOME THERE..  
HE RISES TO HER  
CHALLENGE, AFTER  
PROMISING 2 CALL  
HER TOMORROW, ETC.





great line

Robert

Ami

Carey

and

I

were sitting around  
bitching about former

relationships when

Carey came up with

one of the best lines

I've ever heard:

"I'd like to  
grudge fuck  
her off a  
mountain."

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